

## THE GLORIOUS FOURTH (As It Used To Be.)

It's coming, it's coming, hear everyone cry, the long 'waited, breath-bated Fourth of July, the glorious Fourth, the "worrious" Fourth that blows off your fingers and shoots out your eye. The old fireworks dealer is quite satisfied, his shelves are filled up, his till open wide. There's bombs and contraptions on those same shelves so all the dear children may blow up themselves. And the old fireworks man (oh, what does he care) just sings to himself to a cute little air; "The glorious Fourth, uproarious Fourth that knocks off your noses and burns off your hair." The druggist now writes the big drug house. Says he, "A big double order of salves please send me, a big bunch of bandages, plaster galore, of stuff to dress wounds with a lot and some more; some crutches (please rush same), of sweet oil a keg, the great day is coming, to advise you I beg, the glorious Fourth, the furious Fourth that tears your right arm off or blows off a leg. The doctor his instruments polishes bright, for cutting and lopping they're sharpened just right, the hospitals get all their spare beds out, too, and the nurses prepare for the work they must do; and fathers and mothers are trembling with fear, they see the dread day of the Reaper draw near, the glorious Fourth, notorious Fourth, that blinds you forever or blows off an ear. It's coming, it's coming, the mothers all sigh, the murderous, child-killing Fourth of July, the glorious Fourth, hurrah-rious Fourth, atrocious, ferocious, the Fourth of July.

### IT'S STILL GOOD

On a visit to relatives who had a fruit farm in Canada, she exclaimed: "What quantities of fruit! What on earth do you do with it all?" They thereupon trotted out their time-honored witticism: "We eat what we can and we can what we can't."

## "TAILOR-MADES" ALWAYS POPULAR



Yes; the severely tailored suit still is worn. Many women think their